

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

MODESTY'S CINCH.

Modesty wins in the battle of life—
Once in awhile.
Modesty captures the handsomest wife—
Once in awhile.
But in the mixup and everyday crush
Modesty isn't too high in the rush.

Modesty takes it all
Or at least makes the haul
Twice in awhile.

Modesty back on its dignity sits,
Sweet in its gullet;
At the suggestion of discord it quits—
That is its style.
Gull goes ahead for the prize, it is said,
In where no angel would venture to tread,
And
In its hand
The desirable land
Twice in awhile.

Modesty wants what is coming to it
Marked on the score,
And, though its portion is shortened a bit,
It doesn't roar.
Takes and is thankful for what it can get,
Gull doesn't act in that way, you can bet.
No;
It will throw
Howling for more.

Not in the Arithmetic.



When we have set our heart upon a
good thing we often find that there's
many a lip between the cup and the
sip.

Candor is always a good thing, but
there is no room for it in a horse trade.

Even a financial panic was not able
to avert the usual slaughter of the
pocketbooks at Christmas time.

Testing His Theory.

"I don't care for money," said the
philosophical gentleman, leaning back
in his chair and letting the smoke of
his fragrant five
cent cigar float
lazily on the air.

"Money is the
root of all evil.
It contaminates
those who touch
it. No man can
be happy and be
a millionaire.
Just give me a
modest compe-

tence and I will be satisfied."
"Sure you feel that way?" asked his
casual acquaintance.

"I certainly do."
"Would you lend me a dollar?"

Only Changing the Tune.

"The man escaped us," said the de-
tective. "He had invented a new dodge.
That, you see, is the trouble about the
science of detection. The minute we
detectives master all the old tricks
something new springs up.

"It is rather like the story of the
thirsty butler. When you keep a cask
of beer under lock and key in the cel-
lar, only giving the butler the key
when you want him to draw you a
pitcher, then, if you make him whistle
all the time he is out of sight on this
errand, you are bound not to be de-
frauded, eh? Or so at least it was
in the past.

"Well, there was a man who engaged
a new butler, and, as of yore, the first
day he wanted beer he said:

"James, here are the keys to the
beer closet. Take this pitcher down
and fill it. And mind you whistle all
the while you do it."

"Yes, sir," said James, and he de-
parted whistling.

"The clear, sweet notes of 'Home,
Sweet Home,' floated upstairs for a
minute or so, then they ceased. The
master rushed to the cellar door.

"James," he shouted angrily, "what
are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir; only changin' the
tune."—Washington Star.

Letter Writing in Ancient Babylon.

It can easily be understood that the
reading and writing of cuneiform was
not an accomplishment in the posses-
sion of every one. Nevertheless there
were plenty of scribes everywhere, es-
pecially in the cities, where they sat
at the temple gates to be at the service
of the public. The frequent represen-
tations of scribes are hence interesting
and show that in addition to clay tab-
lets the Babylonians used some sort
of flexible material to write upon. The
large number of letters which have
been excavated, many of them from the
ninth century before Christ, indi-
cate that a very active correspondence
was carried on in Babylon by means
of messengers, but even more active
was the use of writing in commercial
dealings, which was strictly enforced
by law. Nothing was legally binding
unless it was done into writing in the
presence of witnesses.—Professor
Friedrich Delitzsch in Harper's Maga-
zine.

An Exalted Yawn.

"When I went to church last Sun-
day," said a young woman visiting
Washington, "I sat directly behind a
high executive officer for whom I have
always had the greatest veneration
and whom I have regarded as al-
most more than mortal. I tried hard
not to be rude and stare at him too
much, but I could not help my
eyes wandering toward him occasion-
ally. I glanced at him just once, near
the end of the sermon, and what do
you think he was doing? He was
yawning, and he yawned a large and
vigorous yawn, which came to him so
suddenly that he did not have time to
hide it behind his hand. I must con-
fess that I was delighted. My veneration
for the executive officer is just as
great as it ever was, but I am glad I

found out with my own eyes that he is
subject to ordinary human weaknesses
and cannot help yawning during a ser-
mon."—Washington Star.

Heat Tests of Clothing.

An interesting experiment made in
June by a physician proved conclusively
that for the sake of coolness only
white should be worn in hot weather.
The physician spread out in an intense
sunshine a large piece of white cloth,
another of dark yellow, another of
light green, another of dark green, an-
other of blue and another of black.
Then, with the help of six thermom-
eters, he made the following table of
the various heats which each color re-
ceived from the sunlight: White, 100
degrees; dark yellow, 140 degrees; light
green, 155 degrees; dark green, 168 de-
grees; blue, 198 degrees; black, 208 de-
grees. Thus the physician proved that
in July or August the man in white is
a little less than twice as cool as the
man in blue and a little more than
twice as cool as the man in black.—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Successful Stratagem.

When the electric telegraph was
first introduced into Chile a stratagem
was resorted to in order to guard the
posts and wires against damage on
the part of the natives and to main-
tain the connection between the
strongholds on the frontier. There
were at the time between forty and
fifty captive Indians in the Chilean
camp. General Pinto, in command of
the operations, called them together
and, pointing to the telegraph wires,
said:

"Do you see those wires?"

"Yes, general."

"I want you to remember not to go
near or touch them, for if you do your
hands will be held, and you will be un-
able to get away."

The Indians smiled incredulously.
Then the general made them each in
succession take hold of the wire at
both ends of an electric battery in full
operation, after which he exclaimed:
"I command you to let go the wire."

"I can't. My hands are benumbed,"
cried each Indian.

The battery was then stopped. Not
long after the general restored them to
liberty, giving them strict instructions
to keep the secret. This had the de-
sired effect, for, as might be expected,
the experience was related in the
strictest confidence to every man in
the tribe, and the telegraph remained
unmolested.

Booming a Cemetery.

Cecil Rhodes once fitted up a beauti-
ful cemetery near Kimberley, but for
some reason it remained untenanted.
Seeing this, Mr. Rhodes offered a bon-
us to widows who would bring their
husbands to be buried in his cemetery,
but without avail. Eventually one
poor woman allowed her husband to be
buried there, and a handsome mar-
ble stone was erected over his grave.
But even then the scheme hung fire.
The inhabitants passing the gates of
the beautiful cemetery would look
through the railings and see the one
man lying there in solitary state and
go away shaking their heads and
thinking how lonely it must be. Mr.
Rhodes got so exasperated that he in-
creased the bonus until it was a large
sum. Then the inhabitants gradually
began to weaken, one after the other,
bringing their dead to the lonely cem-
etery, which became as popular as
such a place can properly be.

Slang of the Army.

In the army there are expressions
peculiar to itself. Heard for the first
time by outsiders, they need interpre-
tation. Among the most common are
"hike" for "march," "striker" for a
soldier serving as body servant or house
man for an officer, "C. O." for "com-
manding officer" and "O. D." for "of-
ficer of the day," "hop" and "hoo-roon"
for "dance" and "dancing room,"
"cits clothes" for "civilian dress,"
"commissaries" for "groceries," "cof-
fee cooler" for an officer who is al-
ways looking for an easy job in some
staff position, "found" when an officer
fails to pass his examinations and
"shavetail" for a youngster just out of
West Point. Among the soldiers the
expressions have multiplied until quite
a vocabulary of strange words has
been established. "Bobtail" is a dis-
honorable discharge. "Orderly bucker"
is a soldier who, when going on guard
duty, strives by extra neatness of ap-
pearance to be appointed orderly to
one of the officers. "Dog robber" is
the soldier's contemptuous expression
for "striker."—Leslie's Weekly.

Her Visitor.

A young married man of extremely
jealous disposition recently visited one
of the most famous mediums in Lon-
don. Being far from home, he want-
ed to know what his wife was doing.
"She is looking out of the window,
evidently expecting some one."
"That is strange," said Benedict.
"Whom can she expect?"
"Some one enters the door, and she
caresses him fondly," went on the
medium.
"It can't be!" cried the excited hus-
band. "My wife is true to me."
"Now he lays his head on her lap
and looks tenderly in her eyes."
"It's false! I'll make you pay dear-
ly for this!" yelled the jealous hus-
band.
"Now he wags his tail," said the me-
dium.
The green eyed monster subsided,
and the young husband cheerfully paid
over his consulting fee.—London
Scraps.

Hard to Please.

An Miss Lamson arrayed herself for
the meeting of the Harvest Glensers
she expressed her mind freely and fol-
ly to her Aunt Eunice. "If they try
to make me secretary again I shall up
and tell them just what I think of
them," she said, with great decision.
"Sho!" remarked Aunt Eunice, who
had learned not to waste words.
"Yes, I shall," insisted Miss Lam-
son. "Here I've worked for them for
ten solid years, and they've never even
suggested getting anybody else to take
the burden from my shoulders. It's
disgraceful!"
On Miss Lamson's return Aunt Eu-

nce cast one glance at her niece and
then put in her word of sympathy.

"Poor child, they've imposed on you
again!" she said in her soothing voice.
"Imposed on me!" cried Miss Lam-
son, a dull flush rising to her cheek
bones. "I should think they had! I
declined the nomination, and they
elected that little Robbins woman right
over my head. But there's no such
thing as gratitude nowadays."—Youth's
Companion.

Not Quite the Same.

A country clergyman vouches for
the truth of this story. Having arrived
at that point in the baptismal service
where the infant's name is conferred,
he said, "Name this child."
"Original Story," said the sponsor
anxiously.

"What do you say?" he asked in sur-
prise.

"Original Story," she repeated in
clear, deliberate tones.

"It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are
you sure you want him called by the
name of Original Story?"

"Original Story—that's right."

"Is it a family name?" the minister
persisted.

"Named after his uncle, sir," explain-
ed the nurse.

And so as Original Story the little
fellow was christened. Some weeks
after this event the minister made the
acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm
laborer in another village—whose name
was Reginald Story.—London Tatler.

French Superstitions.

The French superstitions regarding

deaths and funerals are all but num-
berless. "If you meet a funeral while
driving, you will have an accident be-
fore your drive is over unless you turn
back," they say. Many a gambler en-
route for Monte Carlo will not gamble
that day if he meets a funeral. Others
will bet only at rouge et noir and per-
sistently on the black. The peasants
have at least a hundred superstitions
about bees. They believe (and did not
Virgil, too, or did he but chronicle it of
his contemporaries?) that bees are bred
of dead men's bones and flesh. This
seems to be one of the oldest of the cur-
rent French superstitions, for on a
very old tomb at Arles (found in the
world famous Alyscamp) is this in-
scription: "This Has Become the Home
of Unhallowed Bees."—London An-
swers.

A Wasted Motion.

"Ladies," called the president of the
afternoon whist club—"ladies, it has
been moved and seconded that there
shall be no conversation at the card
tables. What shall we do with the mo-
tion?"

"I suggest that we discuss it while
we play," piped a shrill voice from
Table A, and the suggestion was adopt-
ed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Avarice.

Avarice is an incurable malady, an
ever burning fire, a tyranny which ex-
tends far and wide, for he who in this
life is the slave of money is loaded
with heavy chains and destined to car-
ry far heavier chains in the life to
come.—St. John Chrysostom.

Cause For Worry.

"He worries so that he can't sleep
nights."
"What worries him?"
"It is his tender heart."
"What's the matter with that?"
"He says that when we get acquaint-
ed with the inhabitants of Mars, if
they should not look like us, he fears
that it will make them feel bad."

His Preference.

"Here's a get-rich-quick scheme."
"Nothing doing."
"What do you want, anyway?"
"Me for a stay-rich-quick scheme."

Missed Chance to Get Even.

"I thought you told me Caroline had
it in for Jim."
"She has."
"But she refused to marry him."

His Accomplishment.

He couldn't sing, he couldn't dance,
His talk was rather slow,
But at his coupons he could glance,
And he could dough, see dough.

Eye Opener.

"They don't get along well."
"Not exactly like turtles doves."
"But it was a case of love at first
sight."

"Yes, but they got their second sight
after marriage."

Needed Cooking.

"Her husband doesn't seem to me to
be more than half baked."
"Perhaps that is why she keeps him
in hot water so much of the time."

HER STAGE DEBUT.

She was young and she was fair,
And withal was debonaire,
Maybe just a score of summers was
her age;
And they listened when she said,
As she tossed her pretty head,
This is just my very first time on the
stage.

Think not that she was from where
Haywards ramble in the air,
Not a bit—she came from Pittsburgh in
her zest,
And the stage she had in mind
Was the fourmile shaky kind
In a little town called Jackson 'way
out west. —St. Louis Star.

A COOL GAMESTER.

"Lady," said the hobo, "de greatest
pleasure dat I could find in life would
be to chop some wood for you."
"I don't want any wood chopped."
"Or carry some water from de
spring—"
"I've got a well right at the kitchen
door."
"Or shoo de cows in from de pas-
ture—"
"I haven't any cows. We buy our
milk."
"Well, lady, I've made three guesses
about what I could do to help you
along. Now it's your turn. An' I don't
mind givin' you a small hint dat vic-
tuals an' clothes'll be purty near de
answer. It's a nice game, lady, an' I
think you're going to be lucky."—New
York Times.

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